go together, & together will we starve & die."

And so, with bended heads & streaming eyes, they moved slow & sadly toward the door. Marlow waved his hand & said —

"Farewell, a long farewell! My house is well rid —"

"Hold!" I shouted. "Stay where you are!"

Everybody stared with inquiring astonishment. Old Marlow grew red with rage.

"What means this?" he cried.

"It means this," said I. "Samuel is ~~dead~~ no more! old Jones is ~~dead~~ at peace! Philip Brown has ~~broken his neck~~ fallen with apoplexy William Thompson is drowned! Edward Simpson has had a relapse & the cattle is in his field ~~broken & is dy~~

And hark ye, [illegible] the cholera is at our very doors & in its most malignant form.

With a wild joy the Cadaver threw his arms around my neck & murmured — "Uncle Thomas ~~broken & be thanked~~